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Finland's Emilia Xtra 10

JUNE 2004 VOLUME 11 NUMBER 6

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An open forum for readers' comments, questions and suggestions.

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Voluptuous readers true-life confessions.

51 ASS SHOT OF THE MONTH

Two time Model of the Year winner Sharday.

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FEB. '04'S ROXIE DOES XXX

Dear Voluptuous,

I'm a monthly reader of *Voluptuous*. In the Feb. '04 issue you introduced Roxie. She is by far a keeper and should be invited back to take a schlang. Roxie is a beautiful woman all around. I would love to see her in a video with women like Ashley Evans, Roberta Canyon, Victoria Price, Kat Vixen or Samantha.—C.L.C., Georgia

Dear C.L.C.: In lieu of a video with girls, how about a video with a flesh-n-blood dildo? That's right, Feb.'04 V-Mag newcomer Roxie has cum back to our stu-



Will Nicole Peters take the dildo? She just did in the June 'O4 SCORE (still on sale at newsstands if you hurry), and Nicole promises that, for her next V-Mag pictorial, she will be "very, very sexy." Yeah, we're starting to warm up for that one, too!



Feb. '04 debutante Roxie has cum back to *V-Mag's* studio for her first-ever hardcore porking. Here's a sample. The main course is cumming soon in *Volutpuous Xtra*, and her first video fucking will be on *Voluptuous Xtra #9*, also cumming soon.

dio and taken man-meat. The video is Voluptuous Xtra #9, and it is scheduled for national release May 1, 2004. We'll bring you all of the hardcore pictures and a review as they become available in the future. For now, here's a teaser of Roxie's hardcore debut (above). We'll show you the complete pictorial in a future issue of Voluptuous Xtra.

MORE NICOLE BRA SHOTS

Dear Voluptuous,

Ever since Nicole Peters has graced your pages, I, like my husband, have fallen for her.

Those great tits on such a thin frame (I guess nothing grows in the shade), are too good to resist.

We have several questions for you. Will Nicole be featured in another DVD and/or video? Seeing Nicole in the feature *Costa Del Sol*, we got the pleasure of Nicole and Cassandra performing some great girl-girl breast play.

Will Nicole ever participate in a girl/girl pictorial? Will she ever consider XXX-rated hardcore or some hot dildo action?

And, how about more great shots of Nicole sporting a bra?–J.S., New Jersey

Dear J.S.: Nicole has not done another video since Costa Del Sol. In a recent interview for the July '04 SCORE, Nicole told us that she does want to do a girl-girl video, and in the

June '04 SCORE (still on sale at newsstands everywhere) she did dildo penetration for the first time. Who knows, boygirl may not be far behind, though according to Nicole, "not yet."

VICTORIA..."VERY HOT!"

Dear Voluptuous,

Another great issue for Feb. '04. But, here are just a few thoughts. First,





Another Feb. '04 newcomer was a big reader fave—Sin City's Victoria Price, whom associate editor Elliot James discovered in Las Vegas during a recent hooter-hunt.

if Roxie wants to do XXX boy-girl, I say let her. I dig her and she's got a great ass. The best newcomer, though, was Victoria Price. Very hot, great ass, nice firm boobs, beautiful face and smile. Bring her back soon.

Love Linsey Ward and too bad that she might be retiring from modeling. If you find a way to bring her back, you've gotta show more ass shots of her. Her best features are her cute face and her incredible ass, yet most pictorials you do with her don't really highlight that incredible backside. I'd love a full body shot, perhaps something like what you did with Cherry Brady, showing her standing from a number of angles.

Voluptuous Model Search \$20,000 GRAND PRIZE

WHAT'S THE DEAL?

The SCORE Group is searching for the next Linsey, Sharday, Nicole Peters, Ines Cudna, Via Paxton...the next big-bust superstar. And we're willing to pay big bucks to find her!

So, send in nude photos of your candidates. Polaroids, snap shots and jpegs are all okay. There's no better time to convince that super busty girl you have been admiring that she belongs in *Voluptuous* because on Dec.1, 2004, we're going to choose the best busty new discovery and give her a lucrative \$20,000 modeling contract.

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE:

Our editorial staff makes all decisions and those decisions are completely subjective and final. This contest is open to any girl who has not appeared in a magazine. If you've been in *Voluptuous* or any other men's magazine, either as an amateur, model or even in phone sex ads, you are ineligible. The winner agrees to take an all-expenses paid, working vacation in sunny, beautiful, exotic Miami, Florida, where she will be photographed for five days in our state-of-the-art studio. The winner also agrees to sign The SCORE Group's standard model release and have her photos published in the magazine and on our website. This competition is open to all residents of Planet Earth, void where prohibited, 18 years old and older only, more legalese is in the official contest rules, which will be provided to all contestants upon request.

The other requirement? Big, beautiful tits! So send in your photos, and you could well find yourself \$20,000 richer! The addresses are: *Voluptuous* Model Search, 1629 N.W. 84 Avenue, Miami, Florida 33126 or score@scoregroup.com.

Voluptious

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I just bought the new video with Cherry doing XXX boy-girl. Love that she's doing that, but why is she wearing that thing (corset?) on her tummy? She's has the best Voluptuous body, and yet she (or you?) chooses to cover up her belly?!! That's always a big bummer. I never want to see the tummy covered up.

Similarly, Maria Moore in her video has something across her belly, which is a shame because her whole body is so hot, and I want to see it all.

My suggestion is to try very hard to get the girls to bare all, even if they might be a little pudgy, it's part of their allure.

Keep up the good work. Thanks. -D.H., e-mail address withheld

A READER...LITERALLY

Dear Voluptuous,

I'm a long-time reader, first-time writer. I've actually been subscribing to your sister magazine, SCORE, for three years now, but I buy Voluptuous at the newsstand occasionally. It's not that I love the V-girls any less. Hell no. It's simply that, on my meager postman's wages, I don't know if I (or my dick) could cope with having two helpings of premium boobage spilling through my door each month. I'm already whacking myself to a frazzle over SCORE, and I don't know if I can handle regular helpings of both.

So, why am I writing to you now? Just to say how struck I was by the two letters in your "X-Rated Files" section in the Jan. '04 issue. I normally don't bother reading the so-called "confessions" in stroke books, but these were different. I don't mind saying that, as well as being turned on, I felt very moved by these two confessions. I felt the emotional angst those guys were going through. I was with them all the way. I was rooting for them, surely a first for this kind of readers' confession.

One of the things that I liked about these two confessions was that I felt that the sex had been de-emphasized in favor of the emotional aspects and the results were both refreshing and touching, to me anyway. Who says guys who like porn can't be romantic?

I commend those two readers for sharing their experiences. They were definitely deserving of their \$100 apiece. I only wish I had an experience

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OLUPTUOUS BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT



JUNE 2001-ALL NEW MODELS! Starring 10 newcomers, including superstacked covergirl Desirae, Nadia, prego Lara, plus more all-natural Euro Babes than you can shake your stick at!



MARCH 2003-There's XXX boy-girl with Gwen Sanders and the great Heather Michaels, but the main event of this issue is the debut of EE-cup teen Ines Cudna. Plus, Chaka reveals all in an interview, and more,



VOLUPTUOUS XL #73-Loaded with firsttimers! Kimmie Nipples, Kat Vixen, Joy Juggs in XXXplicit hardcore action, Gwen and more. Plus, Cassandra and Bailey Santanna. Sold out in the U.K.



DECEMBER 2001-Black-and-stacked Africa and amazing Inesse make their V-Mag debuts! Plus, Aladya's return, Bre, Ola, Nadia, Denise, and a full-length interview and pictorial with Gina LaMontana



APRIL 2003-Denise Davies finally does boy-girl hardcore, and it was worth the wait. Plus, you don't want to miss sensational Nicole Peters' V-Mag debut, Zuzanna, Taylor Hill, Rachel Love and much more.



VOLUPTUOUS XL #77-More new photos of superstar Cherry Brady! Plus, plumper sensation Samantha, Joy Juggs, Marvelous, legend Melanie Anton and XXX with Annalive. Sold out in the U.K.



RUARY 2002-More big, natural tits than any magazine in the world! HH-cup Lenka's astounding debut! Interview and pictorial with Deja! Plus, Key Largo Lineup, Sierra dildoized. Cali XXX and more!



JUNE 2003-Super plumper Samantha fucks and sucks a real dick. Cherry Brady exposes herself pictorially and in a sexy interview. Newcomer Brandy is young and stacked. Plus, Blondie and Linsey Ward.



VOLUPTUOUS XL #83-You've never seen so much tits, ass and female flesh in one issue. Maria Moore, Devin Taylor, Sapphire, Samantha, Kerry Marie, Annie Swanson and more. Sold out in the U.K.



MARCH 2002-Autumn's tits are bigger and better than ever! Plus, three of 2001's top newcomers: Sarah Mercury, Lilith and Ivy. And Lorna Morgan, newcomers, plumpers & Africa and Samantha in hot XXX action!



JULY 2003-For the first time, Kerry Marie stuffs her pussy with a dildo. And she talks about it, too. Newcomers Radka, Izabella and Sapphire are must-sees. Jade Feng does XXX And Lola Lane returns



MAMAZON #86-New pictorials of V-Girls in the great outdoors. Nicole Peters, Cherry Brady, Ines Cudna, Linsey Dawn, Kerry Marie, Autumn, Cassandra, Inesse & Michelle Bond. Sold out in the U.K.



APRIL 2002-Red-hot XXX as Desirae gets fucked again and Fleur enjoys her first photo-fuck. Plus, Inesse is bigger than ever, Jenny shows off her II-cups, Gemma's curvy as hell and tons more tits!



AUGUST 2003-Nicole Peters makes her V-Mag encore, and she shows bush. Desirae returns in a stunning pictorial, Autumn-Jade gets checked out by a horny doctor, newcomer Christiane, and big girls get dickings.



FEB. 2004-The return of Danni Ashe to SCORE! Featuring a look back at her 10 year career, plus her NEWEST photos! Hardcore, plus Lorna Morgan and two



HOLIDAY 2003-Our annual double issue, with Model of the Year and Newcomer of the Year contestants, plus Hall of Fame candidates. Loaded with all of the year's best SCORE-girls!



SEPT. 2003-Our annual all naturals issue stars Nicole Peters, Sharday, Kerry Marie, Diane Poppos and newcomer Izabella. Autumn and Annie go tit-to-tit. Anita Agni gets anally nailed!



APRIL 2003-Overflowing with huge tits. Nicole Peters makes her stunning debut, Diane Poppos returns, Melonie Charms has mega-mams and Angelique busts out. Lana Lotts does Kelly Madison!



MARCH 2003-Julia Miles rides cock again in her XXX encore, Lovette gets boned hard and Brittany Love rides the fucking machine. Plus, ÉE-cup teen Ines, Colt 45 returns, Inesse and lots more.



JAN. 2004-Starring Ines Cudna with a 32-page calendar. Plus, CA Recall candidate Mary Carey gets nailed in XXX! New Nadine Jansen, Crystal Gunns, Julia Miles and more discoveries!

BIG-TIT XXX BONUS EDITIONS



JUNE 2002-Susie Wilden makes her hardcore debut and takes it up her ass! Kim Hines goes deep for cock! Plus, Diane Poppos returns with a revealing pictorial and interview, Cassandra and lots more!



OCTOBER 2002—Taylor Hill's XXX debut, and can she ever suck cock! Also, Chaka T. in intense hardcore. Plus, Autumn Jade, super Samantha, Fiona Steels, and C.J.'s spectacular debut. Sold out in the U.K.



DECEMBER 2002-Another star-studded issue. Diane Poppos as a redhead. Lorna Morgan pours milk all over herself. Denise Davies plugs her mouth, pussy and ass. Jezhabelle's debut! Sold out in the U.K.



FEBRUARY 2003—The debut of Cherry Brady makes this issue a keeper! Plus, Gina LaMontana, newcomers Kat Vixen, Coco and Natasha, interview with Annie Swanson, plus Linsev-Susie diri-diri.



SEPTEMBER 2003—Loaded with V-Mag superstars like Denise Davies, Jessica Turner and Ines Cudna; pregger India Carey; an interview with 2003 newcomer Brandy; plumper Devin; and blazing XXX.



OCTOBER 2003–A year of great newcomers gets better with the debut of plumper Maria Moore. Plus, V-Mag faves Inesse, Sarah Mercury, Anja, Annie Swanson and Jonee Loren, along with red-hot XXX.



NOVEMBER 2003—Jam-packed with superstars. Ines Cudna, Susie Wilden, Deja, Jezhabelle, Cassitty in tit-sucking XXX action, plus amazing newcomers Casey Cleavage, Vicky Lee and pregger Emma.



ANUARY 2003-Kick off the new year with

newcomers Sweety, Gwen and Blondie.

Plus, Lenka's great return, dark and lovely

Kim Hines, Cassandra in nasty XXX and

DECEMBER 2003—Kerry Marie's first explicit girl-girl-with Cassandra and dildos-is the highlight of this issue. Plus, brand-new Via Paxton pictorial, interview with Samantha and the debut of Aussie teen Angela White.



HOLIDAY 2003-Collector's Issue! Model of the Year, Newcomer of the Year, Plumper of the Year and a shitload of fucking! Loaded with all of the year's best models including virtually every covergirl from 2003.



JANUARY 2004–Starring Nicole Peters in a FREE 2004 Calendar! If you love Nicole, this is a must have! Plus a raunchy XXX hardcore section, covergirl Diane Poppos' return, Joy Juggs, Jenny, Blondie and more!



FEBRUARY 2004-Introducing Beate, the next great German discovery! Plus, covergirl Fiona Steeles, Kerry Marie, Kim Eternity, Linsey Ward, Jezhabelle interviewed and Cherry Brady's XXX anal debut!



MARCH 2004–10TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL ISSUE! Starring the Top 10 V-girls of all-time plus 10 Future Superstars! Feature pictorials on each model, 22 total! Extra 48 Pages! Including XXX Hardcore!



Plumper and bustier than ever! Plus Autumn
Jade, Chaka T, Angelica Raven, Desirae
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V-MAIL

Continued from page 7



Blast From The Past #1: Kathryn Marie from the March '99 Voluptuous.

of my own to contribute (sigh).

Please, Voluptuous, more of this kind of "forbidden fruit" confession. Believe me when I say I don't think I'm the only guy out there in readerland who can relate to those feelings.

Thank you for reading my first letter to your great publication and thank you also for producing the two greatest men's mags in the world. I look forward to reading them (onehanded, of course) for many years to come.-K.S., England

WHERE ARE THE "FRONT-LOADER" BRAS?

Dear Voluptuous,

There is one thing I have always enjoyed about Voluptuous, and that is the part lingerie plays in your pictorials. I have happily noticed the large part bras play, but with the variations that are featured, the front-loader has been noticeably left out. Will this incredible style of undergarment make it back into the pages of Voluptuous?-"Steven," New York

Dear "Steven": We do have some "front-loaders" in our studio. However, large cup size bras more often clasp from



the rear, not the front. If the opportunity to use a front-loading bra presents itself, we will certainly use one.

CONGRATS AND COMMENTS FROM A LONG-TIME READER

Dear Voluptuous,

I just wanted to tell you congratulations on your 10-year anniversary, and I look forward to many more. I have enjoyed *Voluptuous* since 1996 and have been a subscriber for going on two years now.

In celebration of your 10th anniversary, I had to dig out my collection and found myself missing models like Chelsea (Feb. '96), Tasha (June '97), Kathryn Marie (March '99), Kirstyn (Nov. '00) and Eve Tyler (Jan. '02), just to name a few. You have so many sexy models who are just my type that I would like to see more of, but there are too many to list.

Also, just in case you pay any attention to your readers' wants, I would like to tell you a few of mine since I don't agree with a few of my fellow readers statements in V-Mail.

What really gets my rocks off is a shaved pussy or at least a well-trimmed one. I also am drawn to the more mature women, for which I would like to thank you for supplying quite a few like Pamela (Oct. '03) and

Click here to continue



Blast From The Past #2: Kirstyn from the Nov. '00 issue, aka Toni Evans from the Dec. '96 *Voluptuous*.



THE GIRLS OF VOLUPTUOUS XTRA

V-Mags' all plump, all stacked, all natural babes have made the Voluptuous Xtra video series a best-seller.



















Voluptuous Xtra #4 stars Lilith, who graduated from solo masturbation to become a big girl doing her first XXX hardcore fucking. British cum-lovers Fleur Rose and Bianca got hammered U.K.-style, and rambunctious college student Anna D. Caans showed that Texas hotties can ride the bull with the best. Mindy Jo, more than a handful for one man, drained the nutsacks of two bozos who thought they could exhaust her. Voluptuous Xtra #2, #3 and #4 have been remastered on crisp, clear DVD and their prices have been slashed in the Video Club on page 98 so now's the time to buy. For those of you guys who don't own your own tit-fucking library, you can now rent these movies at your neighborhood video store.







Kerry Marie and the video debuts of amazing 2003 newcomers ines Cudna & Nicole Peters!

FF-cupper Cassandra, who knows a thing or two about plugging her holes with sex toys, has invited Kerry Marie, Ines and Nicole to southern Spain for Big-Boob Modeling School. The result: the most explicit action Ines, Nicole and Kerry Marie have ever engaged in. Nicole's J-cup naturals are her main attraction, but here she shows full bush for the first time. EE-cup Ines spreads wide and fingers her pussy. And, for the first time, Kerry Marie plugs her pussy and ass with big dildos. Of course, Cassandra gets into the act, too, with some scorching solo posing and girl-girl with Kerry and Ines. On Location Costa Del Sol is a must for every tit-man.



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V-MAIL

Continued from page 11

Roxie and Victoria in the Feb. '04 issue and many more over the years.

I also really get off on a nice butt shot where the girl is bent over spreading her pussy and ass and you can see her tits hanging between her legs, just like the ones you showed us of Roxie in Feb. '04.

I also cum to the spread eagle, legs in the air, come fuck me shots like Cherry Brady and Casey Cleavage in the March '04 issue. I would also like to see more lingerie.

The one thing I do miss in *Voluptuous* that I would really enjoy is an amateur home photo section, for us guys who have or just think we have a *Voluptuous* superstar model and would like to show her off. Or just for us guys who like to look at your average woman at her sexiest, modeling for someone's cameras and who is willing to show the entire world what she has. That would be great and an asset to *Voluptuous*.—D.A., Texas

MORE LAURA BAILEY

Dear Voluptuous,

I am a huge fan of *Voluptuous* and am an even bigger fan of Laura Bailey. My only modest request is that she appears more often. She is one-in-a-million and is every man's ideal. Her full figure and approachable manner make her the ultimate woman in my books. Please set up more sessions with her and pass it on to us lucky, lucky fans!

Laura, you are the greatest! Be proud of who you are and how fabulous you look! That's the absolute truth and every honest man knows it.

Keep up the great work. *Voluptuous* is the best!–"Phil," Ottawa, Canada **⊕**

SEND YOUR LETTERS

Send your comments and suggestions to: V-Mail, 1629 N.W. 84 Avenue, Miami, Florida 33126.

Email Address: voluptuous@scoregroup.com

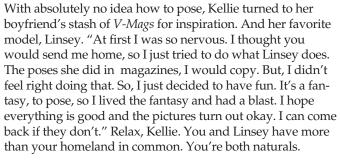
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The things we would do if we could only change the past.

Fiction by Michael Bracken

very place I've ever been in my life, there's always been some old codger who said, "If I could only change one thing in my life, it would be..."

That thought has haunted me for most of my adult life. That and the thought that my first sexual experience had been a complete disaster, blowing spunk all over Mary Elizabeth Montague's thigh during my Junior year and her leaving my dorm room in complete shame before I could get hard enough to try again.

I think about that night more often than I'd like. I wonder if Mary Elizabeth even remembers it, and if she does remember my failure, does she laugh about it with her girlfriends? The more I think about her, the more I doubt she would laugh at my expense, make me a party joke. Mary Elizabeth wasn't that kind of girl. She was my first love, and she was a great girl. I wonder if she thinks about what would have happened if I had been more experienced or if I had just stayed for round two. I've always thought that if I could only change the past, that would be the one defining, or non-defining would be more appropriate, moment in my life I would change.

I've had many experiences over the years—lots of women, relationships and far too many jobs to count that have taken me to the far corners of the world.

Now, at 39, the government recruited me as an electrical engineer to work on a top secret project, so secret they wouldn't tell me what it was.

"You'll be stationed in the middle of a fucking desert," said the first recruiter. Like clones, they wore the same gray suits, the same buzz-cut hair, and, until they stepped inside, the same mirrored sunglasses.

"Nearest town is a six-hour drive," said the other. They



sat on opposite sides of my living room so I had to turn my head as the conversations ping-ponged between them.

"You'll be confined to the base."

"You'll be out there with the lab coat boys, isolated from—."

"Any chance girls work there?" I had to ask, already knowing the answer.

"You'll be too busy working your ass off for the good of the world to be interested in female companionship."

The good of the world never floated my boat, but the financial incentives certainly did.

"Why me?" I asked.

"No family."

"No significant others."

"Nobody to worry about you when you're gone."

"Sounds like you all are planning to kill me," I said.

"Close enough. As far as the rest of the world is concerned, you won't exist any more."

I signed on that night and the two

agents whisked me away immediately.

The next morning someone stripped my apartment clean and a week later my stuff arrived at the military base where I'd been assigned.

reed-to-know basis and apparently, given the fact that nobody told me anything except where to eat, sleep, piss, shit and work, I didn't need to know too much.

The first few months I followed a rather boring routine.

Every morning, I drove across the base from my government-issued two-bedroom bungalow and spent the entire day at the lab doing whatever Professor Wohlforth or Colonel Kilgore assigned to me.

After work, I returned home, heated dinner in the microwave, and spent the evening watching cable television.

Then I learned that the Officer's Club was open to civilian employees, and I

began stopping in once or twice a week for a beer and a little conversation with some of my co-workers.

I'd been on base for six months when Lieutenant Charlene Hughes settled onto a barstool next to me. I admired her figure without trying to be obvious about it. Her uniform blouse stretched tight across her ample chest, and I suspected she had deep cleavage even though her uniform was buttoned clear up to her neck. She had short blonde hair and ice blue eyes. If she wore make-up, she'd applied it so well I couldn't tell.

The Lieutenant ordered a beer. After it arrived and she'd taken a deep swallow, she turned and looked me over.

"You new around here?"

"Six months," I said.

"New enough." She took another drink. "Seeing anybody?"

I snorted. We were on a military base in the middle of the desert. "This look like Club Med to you?"

"You'd be surprised." She finished her beer. "Well, are you?"

"No."

"You are now."

She placed one hand on my leg and slowly, yet forcefully, slid it up the inside of my thigh until she'd cupped my package. My soldier quickly stood at attention, and she smiled.

I finished my beer.

"Your place," the Lieutenant said without reservation. "You drive."

I left a couple of singles for the bartender, then led the Lieutenant outside to the golf cart I'd been issued as my personal transportation. Within ten minutes, we were inside my bungalow.

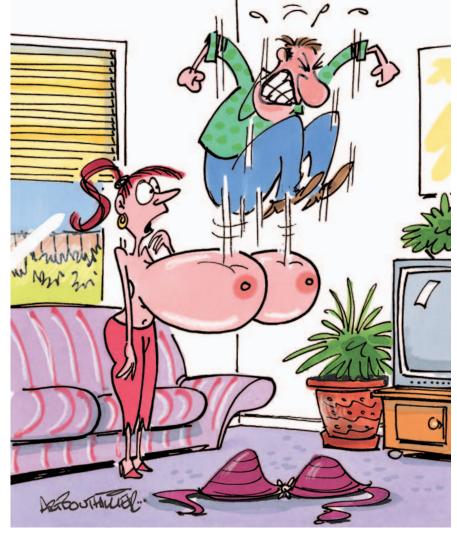
"Like what you've done with the place," she said.

I'd unpacked the television and the stereo, but most of my other stuff was still in boxes. I led her to the back bedroom, the only room in the house without packing boxes. She patted the bed, then pulled back the sheets.

"You'll never bounce a quarter on that bed," I said.

"Ain't a quarter I want to bounce," the Lieutenant said. She unfastened her tie. "It's you."

She unbuttoned her blouse and slipped out of it. Her starched white bra covered so much, it was almost like she was still fully dressed. She reached behind her back and unfastened four hooks. Then she slipped her bra straps



"I swear, they're real!"

Click here to continue











Daizie first posed for Voluptuous back in the Jan. '01 issue in our "Fresh Boobs Of The Month," a category that she could have invented. Only 19 at the time, straight out of high school, Daizie had no idea what she wanted to do in life. All she knew was she wanted to have fun while she was young, and in typical Daizie fashion, she broke her V-Mag cherry to pick up some extra money to backpack across Europe. She appeared again on the Sept. '01 cover to help buy her first car. Then Daizie was incommunicado for years, until she called us early this year and asked if we might be interested in seeing some new pictures. "I'm all grown up now," was one of her comments, and that kinda depressed our longtime editors, who remembered the care-free, happygo-lucky sprite of Y2K. However, when Daizie came into our studio, we were all smiles. She had indeed grown up-where she was once our dream teen, Daizie had now become our fantasy woman!





Now a college graduate, working in Southern California in the computer software business, Daizie may look like a woman, but behind all of the maturity, she's still a kid at heart. "I'm like the kids in Peter Pan... Never growing up!" says Daizie, who still likes to take spontaneous weekend roadtrips to points unknown or hop a flight to New York to get a dirty water hot dog. "Life is about having fun. Same as posing. You do it because you love it, or you do something else. The money is nice, too!" Ahh, we see. What's it going to be this time, Daizie? "Skiing at Copper Mountain in Colorado. I go every spring. You can always tell I've been there, too, because I throw my F-cup bra off the lift into the trees!" Same young Daizie.























SOMEWHERE IN TIME

Continued from page 28

off her shoulders and shook her gigantic breasts free of the confining, seemingly military issued contraption.

Her massive mammaries were even bigger than I'd expected, and they sported stiff nipples as big as .45 shells surrounded by constricted areolae as big as my palms. When the Lieutenant bent to unlace her boots, her tits hung down nearly to her knees. She pulled off her boots and peeled off her socks. When she unfastened her pants, she realized I hadn't taken off a thing.

"What're you waiting for?" she asked. "Orders?"

"No, ma'am."

By the time I had stripped off my clothes, the Lieutenant had folded her

clothes, had laid them over the back of a chair, and was waiting for me in the bed. I climbed in beside her and we kissed, deep and hard.

As we kissed, she reached between my legs and took my heavy ball sac in the cup of her hand. She kneaded my nuts together and used the tip of her finger to stroke that sensitive spot right behind my balls. She didn't touch my cock at all.

When our kiss ended, the Lieutenant pushed me onto my back and then she straddled my chest, facing away from me. She scooted back until her warm, gooey pussy pressed against my face and her soft blonde hair tickled my nose. I knew what the Lieutenant wanted and I gave it to her. I slipped my tongue between her swollen, meaty, moist pussy lips and plunged it in and out of her. Then I found her protruding

clit and teased it with my tongue.

While I did that, the Lieutenant dropped her massive mams in my lap, surrounding my rigid rod with her firm, warm tit-flesh. I pumped my hips up and down, slipping my cock into and out of her cleavage. When a few drops of pre-cum oozed out of my cock, it made her tits slick with my desire. Then she grabbed my ball sac again, and I began pumping even harder.

I continued furiously face-fucking the Lieutenant's hot love-box and soon she began bucking her hips wildly against my face.

Unable to restrain myself, I came first. I shot a thick wad of hot cum between the Lieutenant's tits. She continued bucking her hips back against my face as I plunged my tongue deep inside her, and then she came. Her thighs tightened around my head, squeezing so tight I thought I would pass out before she finally released me.

A few moments later, the Lieutenant turned around and straddled me again. She rested her heavy, cum-covered tits on my chest and reached between her thighs to guide my rapidly stiffening cock into her pussy. She slammed her hips down and pulled back up, riding me hard and fast, her tits bouncing all over the place. I grabbed them and held on until we both came again.

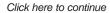
When she caught her breath a few minutes later, the Lieutenant climbed out of the bed, showered, then pulled on her uniform.

I started to rise when she finished knotting her tie, but she slapped my ass and said, "Don't bother getting up."

She let herself out and that's pretty much how things went for the next few years. The Lieutenant and I fucked a couple of times a week until she was transferred to another base.

After she was transferred, I hooked up with three other women, none of them exclusively, and never seemed to spend more than a few weeks without some female companionship.

I'd been on the base for six years before I realized we were working on a time machine. I didn't believe in the project, but I did start thinking about where I'd go if I ever had the chance to travel back in time: that night in my dorm room when I had Mary Elizabeth Montague naked in my bed. As I had wondered at least a thousand





"Can I put my hands down now?"







The art of the tit-fuck, Vicky told us, is all about the boobs and the girl. "I'm a bit different than other girls. Rather than just lay there, I like to do the tit-fucking. Let me explain..." Sure thing, Vicky, just give us a moment to pull our dicks out... "Imagine you're laying on your back, fully erect, and I straddle you, wrapping my breasts around your hot dick, smothering your face with my pussy. As I stroke your dick with my cleavage, my pussy is grinding your face. I stroke your dick and fuck your face, faster and faster, until I explode all over you, and you do the same to me. We're both oozing cum—you on my breasts and me all over your face, so much that it's dribbling in your ears. Now, that's what I call a proper tit-fuck!"







Vicky's really into the imagination thing, which is why she's taking so long to take those damned panties off. "What can I say? I'm a tease," this nightclub singer says in one sexy, smooth English accent. "I've always been a tease. When I'm singing, sometimes I won't wear any panties or a bra, and I'll flash the men. Not like, 'Look, here I am!' I do it in a subtle way, like they're catching me. I love it when I see their faces. That moment when they see some booby or pussy hair, the wide eyes, the salacious grin, the evil looks from their wives. I actually had one woman come up to me after a show and ask me, 'Who do you think you are?' I just told her, 'I'm sorry, mum, but you're yelling at the wrong person. It's not my fault if he likes to look.' Actually, it was my fault. Men love to look at women. They can't help themselves. And I really like to tease them." Hey, tease all you want, Vicky, no bitching here.









Greetings V-men! Drop your socks and grab your cocks, because here comes your toilet reading.

This month, we have two X-Rated confessions, one kinda romantic and the other rather raunchy. The best of both worlds.

Anybody else out there living the life with the gift of gab? We'll send you a hundred bucks if you can put it down in writing and we publish it. The place to send them? The X-Rated Files, 1629 N.W. 84 Avenue, Miami, FL 33126. No professional writers, either. Only big-tit loving V-men need apply.

DEJA-BOOB

Dear X-Rated Files,

First off, I wanted to tell you how I think *V-Mag* is great. It's my favorite nudie book. Even though my wife has the biggest boobs I've ever seen, in a magazine or in real life, I still like to see how she rates compared to the V-girls.

The reason I'm writing is because I was thinking about the old days at work today. I had time to kill so I figured, what the hell, I'll see if I can write.

I don't even care about the \$100 if you publish this. Confession shouldn't

be about money, anyway, not when you enjoy the memories so much.

My true story begins in 1983 when I was just finishing high school. Some buddies of mine and I went to a Mexican bar/restaurant in a mall.

I was only 18 and getting hammered courtesy of a fake I.D. when my buddies and I, being complete asshole guys, started heckling women.

And the one we heckled the most was this blonde buster. Now, I wasn't the most experienced guy in the world, being straight out of high school and on my way to college with the only big-titter experience being a gal named Laura who resembled a C-cupped Sara Michelle Geller, so this "older" lady blew me away. As it turned out, she blew everybody away, and we started guessing her tit-size.

I started with D-cup, but my friends–college grad students and real players with more experience than me–said, "fuck no." She had to be at least an F-cupper, they surmised.

I was young, drunk and ready to cum, so I promptly walked over and suffered total rejection.

"Hi, I'm Joe," I told her, to which she

promptly replied, "Who cares?"

I blew off her initial rudeness and said, "Well, I was hoping you would. And your name is...?"

"Go find somebody else's name?"

I walked away a broken boy, told my friends, and they let her have it. "Bitch" was one word they used often, and that was probably the most respectful.

I just shrunk lower in my chair and ordered another drink.

When I saw her get up to use the phone, I figured, fuck it if she hates me, so I walked over to her and apologized for my friends, to which she told me, "Listen kid, I'm never going to go out with you, so just go fuck yourself."

Well, shit. Here I am being nice and she's being a total cunt, so I let her have it, telling her all about my just hitting my sexual prime, being smarter than your average boy with a great future and she should be so lucky right now because one day she won't. I ended my speech with, "While I'm getting older and better, you're just getting older!"

Somewhat stunned by my tirade, she looked at me and said, "Listen, kid, my name is Tiffany Shields. You happy?

Click here to continue





MARIA MOORE

We love her boobs, and she does, too!

Why do we love Maria Moore so much? Not only does she have great tits, but she loves big boobs, too. And, she loves talking about them. So, let's not waste a second. Here's Maria..."I love my boobs. I love to play with my boobs. A vibrator in one hand and my boobs in the other. I squeeze and pull hard on the nipples. My nipples are very sensitive. I love it when a guy bites them hard! That makes me happy!"

















BARE FACTS

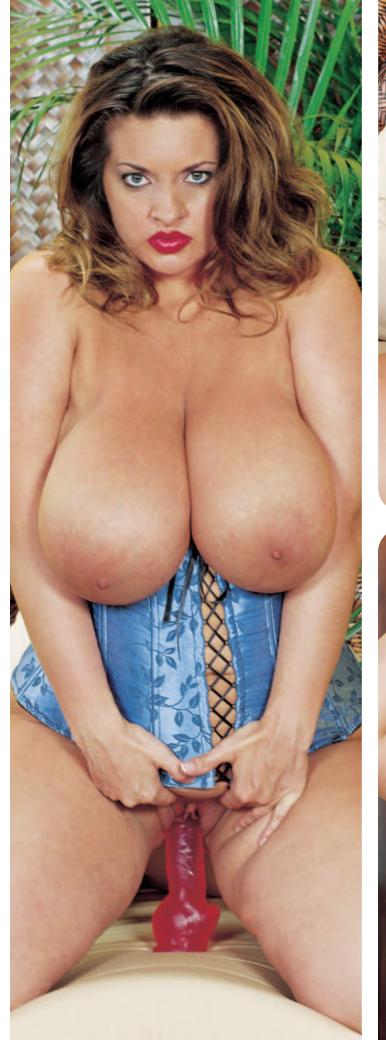
Age: 28 Birthday: June 12, 1975 Height: 5'3" Weight: 147 lbs.

Measurements: 44-30-42 Bra Size: 36FF Previous Voluptuous Appearances: Holiday '03, Oct. '03

Breast Weight: "I just weighed them. Eight pounds each!" Lives: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Video: Stacked & Packed #5 (X-rated, DVD and video available in the Video Club on page 98 of this issue)





















X-RATED FILES

Continued from page 50

You got my name. Now, fuck off!"

I did, with my small victory, and also thinking then that Tiffany was a cool name. Hadn't met any Tiffany's before, and her name suited her.

Fast forward eight years. I'm a second year law student and clerking in a pro bono program over the summer. Law review, top 10% of my class, two intramural softball championships, and life is looking pretty good.

The clerkship, of course, sucks. The clients are indigent and all of them are guilty. The work is gopher work, but it looks good on the resume beside Law Review and Moot Court, and it only takes three hours a week, so who cares? Plus, the hottest chick in law school is also participating, another blonde (I dig blondes) with D-cups who used to model before going to law school and is a flat-out sorority-sister hottie.

Karen was her name, and I had just asked her out for what must have been the 100th time. Only, this time Karen was having a bad day, and she told me to go fuck myself. It didn't bother me, though, because I already knew she liked me because she asked another girl I knew what I was like. Karen just hated that I was a male chauvinist piece of shit who represented everything she had been educated to hate.

Anyways, Karen and I were looking at the court calendar for the day, and I saw the name—"Tiffany Shields-Baker."

"No. Fuck no, this is too good to be true," I thought to myself.

When the judge called the name, "Tiffany Shields-Baker" and read the case number, out she came. Tits arriving three seconds before the rest of her. Looking disheveled, a bit tired, wearing that orange outfit, but still a knockout with incredible boobs that were even bigger than I remembered.

It had to be the same girl, I thought. Had to be. Same name, same look, same huge tits. The lead attorney responded to the charge of domestic battery, asked for bail, which was set, and they led her away to a holding cell.

Sitting down, he looked at Karen and me and said, "Who wants her?"

I looked at him, then at the busty blonde law student beside him, smiled and said, "You see those fuckin' tits!?! She's all mine!" I grabbed the case file and headed straight for the side door.

When I got to the holding cell, I sat on a stool outside the cell and held out my hand to the lady who was now standing in front of me, her huge, obviously natural boobs mashed against the bars like twin king-sized pillows spreading out...everywhere!

She took my hand, smiled, and said, "My name is Tiffany."

She's a lot friendlier now, I thought.

I told her I had just been given her file, and though I was only a secondyear law student, I would be 'vetting' her (investigating) case and report to the attorney in charge.

She was very depressed and quiet, far different from the obnoxious babe I remembered, and reading her case file she had good reason. The file said she beat up her husband with a bat, after being the subject of six previous domestic battery cases. The attack, the police report said, was unprovoked, and the husband was not in custody.

It was an easy case. The prosecutor and I were friends, and he would cut a deal here easy, given the history of abuse, and I told her that.

She was relieved and told me that her mother was coming to bond her out, and she said she would stay with her until she could get a divorce.

"I've had enough," she said.

When she saw me smiling, she asked, "I know you, don't I?"

"You do," I told her.

"From where?" she asked.

"El Toritos," I said.

She looked at me and the lightbulb didn't go off. "I'm sorry. You mean that Mexican bar in The Falls?"

"You don't remember me at all, do you?" I asked, with a smile.

"No, I'm sorry. I think I'd remember you," she said softly, pausing for a flirtatious, beautifully optimistic smile. "I always remember the cute ones."

Now, that made me feel pretty good, especially when I glanced down and saw her rock hard nipples just busting out of that orange jail gown.

"Tiffany, you told me to go fuck myself, remember? Back in 1983, I was a high school kid hitting on you, and all I got was a big go fuck yourself!"

She just stared at me dumbfounded, her memory surveying nights long forgotten, and then it hit her and she looked away and muttered, "Oh my



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god. Now I remember. God, I'm so sorry. I am *really* sorry."

"Now..."

"Look at me," she interrupted me. "You must think I'm a total bitch who is getting everything she deserved."

"Actually, I feel sorry for you, and I wish I'd tried harder back in 1983 so you wouldn't be in this situation with that prick of a husband."

Then, she started crying. "That's the sweetest thing anybody has said to me in...in as long as I can remember."

"Tiffany, tell me you didn't blow me off, go home with Mr. Wonderful and that dick is now your husband."

"No, I met him a week later."

"Tiffany, you have a chance at a new life here. Take it. We'll get a restraining order. You get a divorce, start fresh, be happy...drink lots of Pepsi."

That made her laugh, and when I told her I had to go, I gave her my card and told her that our office would be in touch over her case. Then, she surprised the hell out of me.

"Do you, I don't know, want to have dinner some time?"

"How about tomorrow tonight. I'll meet you at Shula's at eight o'clock."

"It's a deal."

I offered my hand again, she took it, then pulled me towards the bars and hugged me, kissing my cheek strongly and saying, "I'm really, really sorry."

It was a great feeling. A great feeling. And, when she finally let go, I just smiled sheepishly, turned and walked away, looking back of course to meet her eyes that were still on me.

The next night, she was very nervous, so I put her at ease and talked about anything but her case and about her life. I let her do most of the talking, and she was a great talker. Smart. Witty. Unpretentiously enlightened. And a deep breather, too, which I really appreciated. She had on a cream-colored cashmere sweater and a long, black skirt, and that sweater was just bursting with tit-flesh. I mean, exploding cleavage, hard nipples poking through, cleavage everywhere.

I had a hard-on through most of the dinner, and when the souffle came, she caught me. Tiffany moved her chair around to mine to share the souffle, and without any warning whatsoever, put her hand on my leg, only she got all dick. Not that my cock goes down my leg, far from it, but her hand went right

to my crotch. And it stayed there.

I looked down and moved real sudden, shocked by it all, and a bit embarrassed that she had ahold of my boner. When I looked up, she was smiling, and I thought she was going to go down on me under the table. But, that didn't happen. This is real life. That stuff only happens in movies.

She went down on me in the parking lot of the restaurant.

From the passenger seat, leaning over my stick shift and onto my knob. The only problem was, my car got all of the action, as I kept seeing her spongy boobs massaging and tit-fucking the stick shift, round areolae spreading out from her bra, the friction of her boobs against the stick shift bringing one hard nip out of her bra, the other still trapped, but poking so far out of the lace confinement, it actually prevented her bra from sliding off completely.

Those images and the thought of those boobs pressing against me, I have to tell you, I came so damned fast, it was fucking embarrassing.

But, she just groaned deeply, gave me one passionate, deep, mouthy suck and swallowed it all down. When I was done, she rested her face in my lap, eyes closed so angelically, so peacefully and happily and darted her tongue at my dick like a snake.

It was a strange dichotomy. A face and an aura you could fall in love with, and the tongue of a whore.

She looked so fragile there, so nice, so innocent. I couldn't help but feel bad about her sucking my cock after our first date. I felt like I wanted something more out of this and here she was, a mouth full of cum in a parking lot.

So, I apologized to her, and told her I really shouldn't be taking advantage of her in this situation.

The worst thing is, I meant it, and I guess she saw that, because she got up, kissed me on the cheek and said, "You're really one of the sweetest guys I've ever met. I'm really, really sorry."

And, then she got out of my car, walked to her car and drove away.

I think about that night often. Not because I never saw her again.

I did.

Tiffany eventually got her divorce, and then we started dating and now, well, to be completely honest, we've been married for seven years now and Click here to continue









Voluptuous

























SOMEWHERE IN TIME

Continued from page 42

times in the past, I now found myself obsessively thinking about how my life would have been different if my first sexual experience had turned out well.

The more I thought about it, the more I wanted the opportunity to do it right. So I started paying attention to Professor Wohlforth and Colonel Kilgore, listening to their conversations and hoping they didn't realize I was listening. I spent more time in the lab, actually examining the machine I'd been working on all of these years.

One night, when I felt confident I wouldn't be caught, I slipped into the lab. I settled into the time machine's single seat and felt it mold itself to my shape, enveloping me like a womb. There weren't many controls, and I quickly dialed in the date and time to which I wished to travel. Then I pressed the red button.

I'm not sure what I expected to happen, but I hoped to just go back and give my younger self a little friendly advice. Instead, I found myself in bed with Mary Elizabeth Montague and we were both naked. A quick glance in the mirror assured me that somehow I'd taken over my younger body.

I knew exactly what moment that evening had turned to shit, and I'd spent many years imagining exactly what I should have done.

I hesitated a moment, taking the time to look at Mary Elizabeth's naked body. It was exactly the way I'd remembered it: slim and toned, slender hips and tits so heavy they'd slid to each side, halfway into her armpits. Her half-dollar-sized areolae had constricted with desire and her turgid nipples were as thick as pencil erasers. She had long, auburn hair fanned across the pillow behind her head and her auburn triangle of pussy hair was as soft as silk.

I leaned forward and kissed Mary Elizabeth hard, taking her breath away. Then I kissed her eyes, her ears, her chin. I kissed her neck, her shoulders, and her massive breasts, stopping long enough to suckle each turgid nipple, pulling them between my lips and teasing them with my tongue. Then I kissed my way down her chest, across her abdomen, and through the silky, luxurious auburn curls at the juncture of her quivering thighs, startling her.

"What are you doing?" Mary Elizabeth asked, her voice low and husky. It was her first time and she thought it was mine.

She didn't resist when I parted her thighs and buried my face between them. I licked her swollen pussy lips, tasting the sweetness of her desire.

"Oh...my...my...Oh my Gawwwdd!" Mary Elizabeth sucked in her breath as I plunged my tongue between her pussy lips and drove it deep inside her. Then her hands grabbed the back of my head as I sucked her swollen clit between my teeth and nipped at it.

I slipped my hands under her ass cheeks and lifted Mary Elizabeth, holding her still as I tongue-fucked her for the very first time. I teased her clit with the tip of my tongue, then plunged my tongue in and out of her tight, tasty hole. Then, when she was moaning and begging me not to stop, I did, which caused her to groan deeply. Her disappointment turned to passion when I began teasing her clit again.

I felt her thighs tighten around my head, the force building to a climactic crescendo until she came in a forceful, jerking, uncontrollable spasm of her entire body, her snatch releasing a flood of pussy juice that dripped down my chin and soaked the bed beneath us.

Frozen in her climax, her back arched, huge boobs splayed all over the place, thighs wrapped tightly around my face, Mary Elizabeth suddenly grabbed my head with both hands, grasping matching handfuls of hair and lifted my face.

"How...How...How in the world did you..." she asked between gasps for breath. "How did you do...that?"

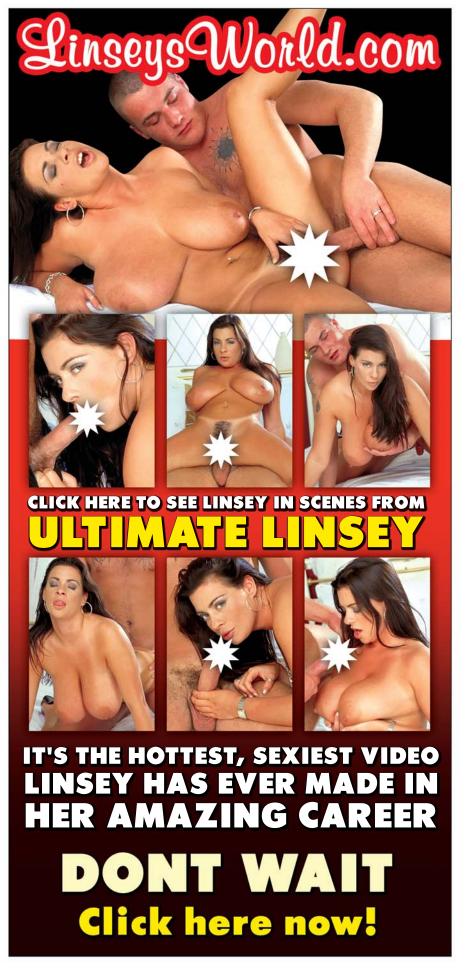
"Trust me, Mary Elizabeth," I said softly, with a wry smile. "There's a lot more where that came from."

She smiled, released my head and fell back on the bed while I slid up to her, covering her with my body.

My rigid, hot cock pressed against her throbbing pussy lips, and I hesitated for a moment to let her anticipation get the best of her. She couldn't wait long, and her hips moved upward, and her slippery and succulent pussy seemed to open itself to me, and my cock head slipped inside her without any effort at all, almost as if her pussy was trying to suck my cock inside her.

Then I pushed forward, driving my turgid cock deep, deep inside her stillspasming, gooey pussy. Mary Elizabeth





wrapped her legs around my waist, hooking her ankles together behind my back, and I drove into her again and again and again, deeper with each thrust. She wrapped her arms around my back, holding me tightly against her, trapping her heavy breasts between us. Her hard nipples jabbed my chest and she began bucking her hips up wildly to meet each of my powerful animal thrusts.

And then she came again, this time screaming so loud I thought the guys in the next dorm room would soon be pounding on my door. I drove into her again and then I came, filling her hot hole with a thick wad of spunk.

I collapsed on top of Mary Elizabeth like a fallen oak, but she didn't want to release her hold on me. She kept her arms wrapped around my back, and her legs hooked around my waist as her pussy tried to milk every drop of cum from my throbbing cock.

I don't know how I stayed inside her, but before long my cock began to stiffen again. I moved slowly, easing my cock in and out of Mary Elizabeth until it was once again stiff as a steel rod.

We fucked a second time and it was even better than the first time. I lasted forever, and Mary Elizabeth, who kept telling me she had never experienced anything like the orgasm she had the first time, went off even stronger the second time. When it was over, we lay spoon-style on the single bed. She faced the wall and I snuggled up behind her, my cum-covered cock neatly pressed against the cheeks of her ass.

I had one arm wrapped around her, my hand cupping one of her heavy tits. I kissed the back of her neck and she pushed back against me. I had the feeling we were about to fuck again. . .

...And then I felt the warm, womblike seat wrapped around me. I glanced at my watch. Even though I'd spent most of the night in bed with Mary Elizabeth, I had returned to the lab only minutes after I'd left. Professor Wohlforth, Colonel Kilgore, and two armed guards stood waiting.

The two guards dragged me out of the time machine and quick-stepped me down the hall to a conference room where Professor Wohlforth and Colonel Kilgore questioned me.

"What were you thinking?"

"What were you doing?"

"What happened? What do you think happened?"

They were prodding incessantly, simultaneously questioning my audacity, but also searching for answers.

Finally, when they shut up, I told them I used the time machine to relive a moment during my college years. I didn't tell them which moment.

"Time machine?" they both said, feigning surprise. "You think that we've been building a time machine?"

I nodded.

The two men looked at each other, then the professor explained, "There's no such thing as time travel and that's certainly no time machine."

"Can you imagine the consequences of time travel if people could go back in time and change events in their lives?" the Colonel said in a lecturing fashion. "It would throw history completely out of balance. We could never trust our own memories again."

The conversation bounced back and forth between them for a couple of hours, and I barely said two dozen more words. By the time they tired of talking to me, they'd convinced me that the time machine we'd been building was a tool for enhancing dreams and that all I'd done was fall asleep and experience the most graphically real wet dream I'd ever had.

About that time, the door opened behind me and the professor and Colonel Kilgore looked up.

One of the guards nudged my shoulder. "Your wife is here."

"My who?"

I turned and saw Mary Elizabeth standing in the doorway, twenty-five years older and still sexy as hell. She stepped up beside me and leaned over, resting one heavy breast on my shoulder. She whispered into my ear, her warm breath tickling me.

"I know you've had a rough night, lover" she whispered. "But I hope you're not too tired. I've got something extra special waiting for you at home."

Then she sucked my earlobe between her teeth and bit it gently. My cock instantly stood at attention.

"You're one hundred percent right," I told Professor Wohlforth and Colonel Kilgore even though I knew better. "I just had a dream. A wet dream, mind you. But still, only a dream. What a fucking moron I feel like. A time machine. Who the fuck would believe..."

Still rambling, I pushed myself away from the table and stood up. I took my wife's hand and we headed...home. •

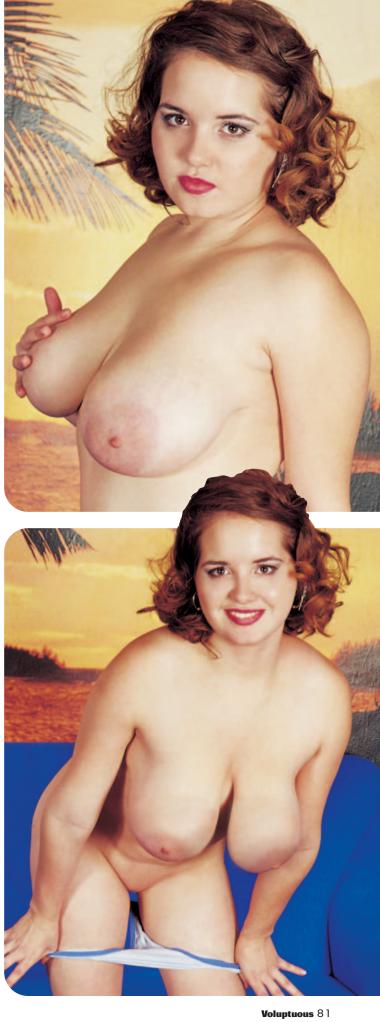
























X-RATED FILES

Continued from page 67

are expecting our second child.

We always laugh about how we first met, twice. And, now we're happily married, though I tell her I only married her because she has great tits.

She says she only married me because I was a lawyer, so I guess we're even. Unfortunately, that restaurant where we first met closed down. There's a Johnny Rockets near where it used to be, so on our anniversary, we always go there, and in-between sips of her strawberry milkshake, she'll tell me, "Go fuck yourself."

With a smile, this time.—J.L., Florida

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Dear X-Rated Files,

A few years ago, I had fallen on hard times and was forced to take a job as a pizza delivery driver for a major chain.

The evening I'm writing about was slow. As it was slow, on "down time" we drivers were required to answer phones, help cook, etc.

I had just returned from a delivery and the other driver was out, so only the manager/cook and myself were in the store when the phone rang.

I was near the phone so I picked it up. A sensual voice asked me what the minimum delivery order was, and I explained that she had to spend \$10 to get anything delivered. She confessed that all she really wanted was a couple bottles of soda so she could mix some cocktails. I joked with her about how I wished I could join her. She ordered two bottles of soda and an order of garlic bread, just to bring her total up to \$10. I got her information and said I would personally deliver her order.

The innocent flirting we were doing was so much fun, I couldn't resist being able to see her. Innocent flirting over the phone with customers is common in this business, and it usually ends up being just that and nothing more.

I must have had lady luck smiling on me that night because what happened next was incredible.

I informed the manager that this delivery was mine. In the next few minutes, I was on my way to her apartment with high hopes of continuing the innocent flirting that was one of the few perks of this job. As I approached her

building, I was nervous with the hope that this may be the time I'd get lucky. Since I've had this job, I've heard the stories of naked women answering the door or delivery guys being seduced, and always took them with a grain of salt, knowing they couldn't be true.

I've always enjoyed delivering to these elegant high-rises, as most of them have breathtaking views. I was hoping that more than the view would be breathtaking. When I got to the lobby, I went to the phone entry system and punched in her number.

She answered the phone immediately. She must have been waiting with as much anticipation as me. As calmly and coolly as possible, I told her that her delivery had arrived.

"Great!" she said. "I'll buzz you up." If she looked half as fine as she sounded, she was a real sight to behold. I eagerly went to the elevatorwhich took me to the 15th floor. I got off and began to search for #1502. When I reached her door, I nervously knocked. I could hear the door locks being released and the door crept open.

Standing in the doorway was a stunning blonde, in her late 30's or early 40's. She had shoulder-length hair that was not overly done up. It just kind of laid on her bare shoulders. She was wearing a nightgown that went down to about mid-thigh. It was sheer, but black, so I couldn't see too much. The nightgown was the type that have a built-in bra holding her huge breasts perfectly. She must have liked what she saw too, because she gave me a seductive smile and then said, "Come in. My money is in the other room."

She locked the door behind me and sauntered into the other room as I followed, admiring her beautiful ass as she walked out of the darkened doorway. She turned as she approached a dining room table, directing me to put her order on the table. She picked up her purse from the same table and looked at me. It was as if she put a spell on me. She looked so stunning I felt like I couldn't take my eyes off her. She then pushed her purse back onto the table and said with the most sultry voice I've ever heard, "Do you realize that a tip doesn't have to be in the form of cash?"

"I fully agree," I replied with the most flirtatious smile I was capable of.

Before I finished my response, she looked at me seductively and grabbed



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the hem of her nightgown. She brought the hem up over her luscious thighs slowly and real sexily.

All bets are off, I thought. I don't even care if I lose this job. If ever it was worth risking, this was the time.

She was finally exposing her sweet pussy. It was so neatly trimmed, I swear I must have licked my lips.

"Do you think this would be a sufficient tip?" she asked.

"That's more than I could dream of," I replied, looking straight at her pussy.

I stepped toward her and dropped to my knees. I couldn't wait to eat that beautiful pussy. She stepped forward to meet my hungry, wet mouth. As soon as my tongue met her juicy lips, she began mashing her heaving tits.

I immediately started pushing her nightgown up over her. She pulled it up over her sweet tits and gorgeous face. I could then see her tugging forcefully on her taut, pink nips.

I was still fully clothed and she was fully nude. She was already on the brink of cumming when I reached up and spread her pussy open wide and started lightly licking on her clit with the speed of a hummingbird's wings.

That got her off, and she was cumming and screaming loudly, getting really juiced up. I thought I was gonna drown in all of her sweet nectar. She fell back on one of the dining room chairs and got over her shivers, as I wiped my mouth and pulled up a chair.

I was smiling as she was tugged at my fly, feeling for my dick. I helped her pull out my cock and she instantly devoured it. Her wet mouth began taking more of my cock than any woman had ever taken before.

Soon, she was grazing my nut sac with her fingertips and sucking my dick like it was her source of life. I told her I was about to cum, and she pinched the base of my cock with an unrelenting grip and said sexily, "Not until I get mine, my sexy new friend."

Without losing the tension she was holding on the base of my cock, she jumped on top of me impaling herself upon my throbbing cock. Surprisingly, when she let go of my cock, my load still waited, and I was in sheer ecstasy.

She was bouncing so forcefully on my cock, I could barely grab hold of her hot, heavy jugs to suck on them.

My cock must have been hitting her g-spot because by the time I started



sucking on her hard nips, she was thrashing in the throes of orgasm. Her pussy lips were still twitching when I screamed, "I'm cumming. Can I please cum in your sweet twat, baby?"

"Please, baby, please!" she screamed. I somehow managed to bring my mouth to hers before I shot. We were locked together in an awesome soul kiss as I shot a huge load into her pussy.

I immediately felt an amazing urge to do nothing, and that's when it came to me that I was still working. I was still on the clock.

I must have uttered something aloud, because she jumped off me and reached for her purse.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked, reaching into her purse.

"Nothing," I said. "This delivery was worth more to me than the biggest tip I've ever received."

I could tell she was impressed with my kind words as I replaced my cock back into my pants and zipped up.

As I went toward the door she pushed a bill into my hand. I didn't even look at it, and shoved the money in my pocket.

When I arrived back at the store, I ran my hands under one of the wheel wells to soil my hands and told my manager I had to change a flat and I was fed up and wanted to go home. Business was slow enough, so my boss said to go ahead and leave. I went right to one of the phones and called my newest, most favorite customer.

She answered with a lazy, slow drawl. I said that I was her pizza guy and asked if I could come over and maybe enjoy a cocktail with her.

With a renewed vitality, she said nothing would make her happier. I agreed and I went right over to her apartment. Of course, that's another story altogether.—D.P., Minnesota

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Your First Look At Some Awesome Peaks!

All righty, boys, the last babe in the book, and she's a fresh-faced, full-figured hottie who personifies *Voluptuous*. Aspen is her name, and she's your classic lady-next-door who heard about *V-Mag* from a friend who happens to be a subscriber, procrastinated for months, took a chance and now is living out one of her fantasies. *Real Boobs! Real Women!* It's the *Voluptuous* mantra, and never has it been more apropos than now.







The skinny on this full-figured babe? She digs watching *The West Wing*, likes the full spectrum of men ("From Vin Diesel to John Travolta, and all men in between"), is a life-long Dallas Cowboys fan in spite of never having visited Texas ("I've been in Oregon my whole life!"), loves doing Karaoke on Thursday nights ("I'm the queen!") and, true to her size and Oregon upbringing, Aspen digs strong, outdoorsy, masculine men. "I'm dying to find a man who is strong enough and man enough to put me on my knees and make me happy to be there." Well, hell, Aspen, sounds like all you need is a good *Voluptuous*-man!











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BRANDY

The Babe-Next-Door's Hardcore Debut!

Brandy has done it! And with a big, fuck-stick, too! The video is called *Hard SCORE*. More on that later, because right now, we just want to check out the petite, adorable one worshipping that big, thick cock. Notice the big eyes? They were a lot bigger when this python popped out. "My God, he had a big one!" Brandy told us afterwards, still wiped out from her XXX debut. "I didn't even think they got *that* big! Look at it! I was scared at first. I thought I would choke or it would crack me in half." We were wondering the same thing, Brandy, but no longer! The proof is in the pictures!







Truth be told, Brandy can't take the whole thing. Try as she might, a mouth and a handful is the best she could do. Hey, we give this massage therapy student an A for effort, and an A+ for her video debut on *Hard SCORE*. Ignoring that second syllable, know that *Hard SCORE* is 100% all natural hardcore. Not a molecule of silicone to be found and the only saline is in the girls' wide eyes as they stare down some whopper cocks! And, the video isn't just Brandy. March '04's Iva gives the anal performance of this year and any other, and Czech-mate Marketa (June '03 *V-Mag*) is a great fuck, plain and simple. Still, as much as we love all of the chicks, Brandy was the one we wanted to see getting nailed. When we found out the busty, beautiful Ohio girl-next-door was coming to *V-Mag* Central to ride cock, we had the wildest fantasies. Thankfully, they all came true!















Brandy gets fucked in every position and the squeals cumming out of her mouth on *Hard SCORE* are worth the price of admission alone. So young and fresh, she's a bit pensive at first, but then the passion takes over and the entire scene becomes a squealing, grunting, cumming fuckfest. "I didn't know what to expect," Brandy confessed to us. "And the size of the man scared me at first. But, once I felt it in my mouth and then when I was on top, I knew, this was going to be the best fuck of my life. I mean, seriously, I didn't know sex could be *that* good!" Neither did we, Brandy, neither did we.

















Finnish fuck star takes it in the ass on Voluptuous Xtra #8

Anal that kicks ass? You betcha! And Emilia is the lady getting the booty call. Star of the Feb. '04 V-Mag and the XXX-rated Voluptuous Xtra #8, this Finland native noisily slurps cock, simultaneously tit-fucking and sucking the magic wand until it's "fuck me!" time. In every hole, from every angle, Emilia loves rectal rooting. The deeper the better, and if you have Xtra #8, you know, the Fucking Finn gets it, butt good!







Voluptuous XTRA 1 1









With one of the best all-natural lineups ever assembled that includes Voluptuous superstars Angelica Raven, Cherry Brady (more anal) and Kat Vixen, one might think Emilia would get overshadowed on Voluptuous Xtra #8 by the star power. Not a chance. Forgetting her anal invasion (if you can), Emilia is not only horny, but imaginatively horny, evidenced by her reverse tit-fuck, where she licks the guy's swinging balls while the man-meat slides between her hooters. Yep, seeing is believing, and after jacking to this scene, we couldn't help but wonder why all women don't tit-fuck like that? Emilia told us it's a "Finnish thing." Apparently, all women over there do it like that. Damn. If you're like most any Tom, Dick or editor who is about 35,000 frequent flier miles light, head on over to the Video Club on page 98 for next best thing, Voluptuous Xtra #8.









